

The Herald, the old established reliable newspaper of the Coquille Valley in which an "ad" always brings results.

# THE COQUILLE HERALD

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COQUILLE, COOS COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1913

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## CITY DIRECTORY

### Fraternal and Benevolent Orders

A. F. & A. M.—Regular meeting of A. Chadwick Lodge No. 68 A. F. & A. M. at Masonic Hall, every Saturday night in each month on or before the first moon. C. W. ENRIGHT, W. M. R. H. MAST, secretary.

O. E. S.—Regular meeting of Beulah Chapter No. 6, second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, in Masonic Hall. EVA BARROW, W. M. JOSEPHINE G. PEOPLES, Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Coquille Lodge No. 53, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday night in Odd Fellows Hall. C. H. CLEAVES, N. G. J. S. LAWRENCE, Sec.

MAMIE REBEKAH LODGE, No. 20 I. O. O. F., meets every second and fourth Wednesday nights in Odd Fellows Hall. SHELBY HANNEY, N. G. ANNIE LAWRENCE, Sec.

COQUILLE ENCAMPMENT, No. 2 I. O. O. F., meets every second and fourth Thursday nights in Odd Fellows Hall. J. S. BARTON, C. P. J. S. LAWRENCE, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.—Lycurgus Lodge No. 72, meets Tuesday nights in W. O. W. Hall. R. R. WATSON, K. R. S. O. A. MINTON, C. C.

PTHTIAN SISTERS—Justus Temple No. 35, meets first and third Monday nights in W. O. W. Hall. Mrs. G. W. DAVIS, M. E. C. Mrs. FRED LINGGAR, K. of R.

RED MEN—Coquille Tribe No. 46, I. O. O. M., meets every Friday night in W. O. W. Hall. J. S. BARTON, Sachem. A. P. MILLER, C. of R.

W. M. A.—Regular meetings of Ben-Aver Camp No. 10,550 in W. O. W. Hall, Front street, first and third Saturdays in each month. M. O. HAWKINS, Consul. R. B. ROGERS, V. C. NED C. KELLEY, Clerk.

R. N. A.—Regular meeting of Lauri-Lamp No. 272 at M. W. A. Hall, Front street, second and fourth Tuesday nights in each month. MARY KERN, Oracle. EDNA KELLEY, Sec.

W. O. W.—Myrtle Camp No. 197, meets first and third Mondays at W. O. W. Hall. R. S. KNOWLTON, C. C. JOHN LEBEVE, Sec.

EVENING TIDE CIRCLE No. 214, meets second and fourth Monday nights in W. O. W. Hall. OMA X. MARY, G. N. MARY A. PIERCE, Clerk.

FARMERS UNION—Regular meetings second and fourth Saturdays in each month in W. O. W. Hall. FRANK BURKHOLDER, Pres. O. A. MINTON, Sec.

FRATERNAL AID No. 398, meets the second and fourth Thursdays each month at W. O. W. Hall. Mrs. CHAR. FVLAND, Pres. Mrs. LORA HARRINGTON, Sec.

Educational Organizations and Clubs  
COQUILLE EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE—Meets monthly at the High School Building during the school year for the purpose of discussing educational topics. RENA ANDERSON, Pres. EDNA MINARD, Sec.

KO KEEL KLUB—A business men's social organization. Hall in Laird's building, Second street. A. J. SHERWOOD, Pres. FRED SLAOLE, Sec.

COMMERCIAL CLUB—J. E. NORTON, President; J. C. SAVAGE, Secretary

Transportation Facilities  
TRAINS—Leave, south bound 9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. North bound 10:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m.

BOATS—Six boats plying on the Coquille river afford ample accommodation for carrying freight and passengers to Bandon and way points. Boats leave at 7:30, 8:30, 9:20 and 9:50 a. m. and at 1:00, 3:30 and 4:45 p. m.

STAGE—J. L. Laird, proprietor. Departs 5:30 p. m. for Roseburg via Myrtle Point, carrying the United States mail and passengers.

POSTOFFICE—A. F. Linggar, postmaster. The mails close as follows: Myrtle Point 8:40 a. m. and 2:35 p. m. Marshfield 10:15 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. Bandon and way points, Norway and Arago 12:45 p. m. Eastern mail 5:15 p. m. Eastern mail arrives 7:45 a. m.

City and County Officers  
Mayor A. T. Morrison  
Recorder J. S. Lawrence  
Treasurer R. H. Mast  
City Attorney L. A. Liljequist  
Engineer P. M. Hall-Lewis  
Marshal C. A. Evernden  
Night Marshal John Hurley  
Water Superintendent S. V. Kipperon  
Fire Chief T. J. Thrift  
Conciliators D. D. Pierce, C. T. Skeels  
W. C. Laird, G. O. Leach, W. H. Lyons, Leo J. Cary. Regular meetings first and third Mondays each month.

Justice of the Peace J. J. Stanley  
Constable Ned C. Kelley

County Judge John T. Hall  
Commissioners—W. T. Demont, Geo. J. Armstrong  
Clerk James Watson  
Sheriff W. W. Gage  
Treasurer T. M. Dimmick  
Assessor T. J. Thrift  
School Supt. Raymond E. Baker  
Survivor A. N. Gould  
Coroner F. E. Wilson  
Health Officer Dr. Walter Culin

Societies will get the very best  
PRINTING  
at the office of Coquille Herald

## A Diamond Rope Or, The Mystery Solved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Rogers thrust the morning newspaper under my nose and pointed to the glaring headlines. "Read that!" he commanded. "I have read it, confound you!" I growled. "You can't stir up any sensational argument in this office today, Jack. I don't care if Mrs. Slashin Goebsy has lost her diamond necklace! She hasn't consulted us. She is no client of ours." "True, true—sadly true," agreed my partner, sitting down on the edge of the table and pushing his hat back with an excited gesture. "Nevertheless, my dear Harley, you mustn't forget that the pleasant side line of diversion, avocation, or whatever you call it, of this particular law firm is to do a bit of amateur detective work, especially when there's a reward of real money out." "Real money, Jack?" I pricked up my ears. "Five thousand dollars reward," returned my partner crisply. "I whistled. 'I'd like to get hold of that, Jack.'" "Same here. Want to try for it?" "Where shall we begin? What do you know about it?" "Only what it says in the paper here, but I've drawn my own conclusions." I picked up the newspaper. "I'll read it over carefully, and we can compare notes," I suggested, and Jack nodded assent and lit his pipe. At last I threw aside the sheet. "Fire ahead," I said. "In the first place, Mrs. Goebsy declares that she removed the rope of diamonds from her neck and laid it on her dressing table. She passed into her boudoir for an instant, and when she returned the rope had disappeared. It was 2 o'clock in the morning. She had just returned from a function of some sort and had ordered that her maid need not be in attendance. She was practically alone. Her husband was in Washington. She neither heard

repeated several times as we questioned her in our capacity of private detectives. "She is French?" I asked. "Yes; she has been with me for five years and is most reliable." "Where is she now?" "In the house somewhere—perhaps in her own room. She was much upset by the robbery as well as by the police command that no one leave the house." "That is a detective in the lower hall?" "Yes. He came a half hour ago. I have felt easier since he has been on duty." Mrs. Goebsy showed us the dressing table whereon she had laid the rope of diamonds which had so mysteriously disappeared during the few minutes she was absent from the room. We looked the room over carefully without result. There was no chimney, rat hole or mode of escape for man or beast of any shape or size. It was a charming room, this dressing room of fashionable beauty—the walls papered with trellised roses that rambled over the ceiling and almost appeared to hang in clusters over our heads. The ceiling attracted me strangely. When I stood on a chair and poked my cane at a spot over the dressing table a look of intelligence came into Rogers' expressionless face. "What are you doing?" half laughed Mrs. Goebsy. Then she added, "How very odd!" It was curious, odd, absurd, anything you care to call it, for my cane had poked right through one of those lovely pink roses on the ceiling, and there dropped down to the carpet the cut out rose itself and left there an ugly little hole through ceiling, plaster and lath. "I guess we'll find a loose board up there in the room of your maid," suggested Rogers. "As well as a long, slender stick with a hook on one end," I added briskly, for I could see that \$5,000 reward in the distance, and it looked good to me. "Oh, do you believe that that is the way it happened?" cried Mrs. Goebsy, quite unnerved by the discovery we had made. "I cannot believe that Felice would do anything of that sort." "If you will accompany me upstairs," I suggested, leaving my partner in the dressing room on guard. We found the door of the maid's room wide open and the door down by what underground route we never found out. I pulled up the rugs from the floor and searched until I found the loose board in her closet. When I pried it up I could look right down on to the dressing table, from which the diamond necklace had disappeared. "How is this for a fishing pole?" I asked after a search of the room, and I brought forth two strips of bamboo, perhaps six feet each in length. Once they had formed part of a bamboo porch screen. On the end of one strip there was fastened a piece of wire firmly twisted into a strong hook. When one pole was fitted into the other and thrust down the hole we were enabled to fish up almost anything from the dressing table below. Now that the method of robbery had been solved, it remained to catch the clever maid, who had disappeared

with the diamonds. A search of the house resulted in nothing. No one had seen her since the belated breakfast hour. We obtained her description from Mrs. Goebsy, and, having that lady's assurance that our discoveries should remain a secret for the time being, we went on our way rejoicing, large visions of the \$5,000 reward dazzling our eyes. "If you were a French maid and had attached yourself to a fortune in diamonds what would you do?" I asked Rogers the next morning. "I'd make tracks for the French line pier!" he exclaimed, and I was with him instantly. So we were soon whirling down Houston street to the French line pier. Passengers were straggling aboard, and for several hours we watched there, finding no one who came within a mile of the description Mrs. Goebsy had given us of her maid Felice. Two black garbed nuns hastened past us, and Rogers' grip on my arm brought me to instant attention. One of the nuns fitted the description of Felice. We could not see her hair, because of the stiffly starched linen. The other woman was stout and commonplace looking, but somehow they did not have the serene expression of the sweet sisters of the church. The small, dark one, like her companion, wore a heavy rosary of large, black, irregular beads. It swung from her waist and swung in and out of the thick folds of her skirts. I caught all this at a glance as they passed, and we followed them aboard. I was almost ashamed of my suspicions, but Rogers was whispering in my ear. "The short one—notice her rosary? Looks like black wooden beads or jet, eh? Caught a glimpse of a sparkle that would dazzle your eyes." "What is it, Jack?" I breathed. "The diamond rope painted black. What do you think of that? Just step ashore and call an officer. Telephone to headquarters if you think best. I'll watch here and see that they don't get away or suspect." "You're sure?" I insisted as I went ashore. "Sure as guns!" he said. And he was right. When the heavy black rosary was taken from the defendant, scratching, hitting little Frenchwoman and the beads were carefully scraped with a knife they revealed the brilliant sparkle of the Goebsy diamonds. It was a clever trick, and its discovery won us the \$5,000 reward.

## A Constant Man But He Required a Foundation For His Constancy.

By ETHEL ANDREWS

Steven Redmond was twenty years old when he met Lulu Beckwith. Very few men are developed at twenty, and Steven was not one of the few. Nevertheless he considered himself a full fledged man, and since he was at the mating age he engaged himself to Miss Beckwith, she being willing. Miss Beckwith, like Mr. Redmond, was a member of the main social circle in the place where they lived and both used to the artificial life pertaining to society. But there was a vast difference between them. Redmond was capable of being developed. Miss Beckwith was not. Why is it that a pretty girl in pretty clothes and with pretty ways should necessarily be a divinity to a young man? It is impossible to say unless it is to carry out the mating law of nature. At any rate, so did Miss Beckwith, who was a very shallow young lady, appear to Mr. Redmond. But he was not destined to possess her, for her father and mother thought that so admirable a person as their daughter should marry an equally admirable man. Where they were going to get him was another matter. There was no hurry. Lulu was very young. Possibly the girl being the life helpmate Redmond really wanted she might have had something to say about the matter herself. However this be, she acquiesced, threw Steven over and waited for a man to appear whom her parents would approve. Steven was plunged in deepest grief. "That ends it for me," he said. "I shall never love any one else. My heart is broken." There was something about Redmond to attract Margaret Catherwood. Redmond being a broken hearted man it was necessary that Margaret should rather seek him than that she should seek her. After awhile he began to think that life need not be lonely; if he could not have a love he might at least have a companion. Acting on this he proposed to Margaret. He was too honorable to let her suppose that she could ever occupy first place in his heart. Margaret listened to his proposal, commending him for his honesty, and methodically set it down in the list of his recommendations for a husband. In the list of his shortcomings there was only this clinging to a lost love. She told him that she would consider the matter and determine whether she would consent to marry a man who loved another woman. Steven was slightly disconcerted at this cool way of looking on the matter, but admitted to himself that under the circumstances the lady had a choice between but two

courses—either to refuse him or take him as a broken hearted man. Margaret had heard of Steven's love affair, but knew nothing of the girl who kept his heart in her possession without making any use of it. She made inquiries, and the report she received that best expressed Miss Beckwith's character was that there was "something in her." There was a good deal in Miss Catherwood, and from the time she received this report she felt no fear of her rival. She was well aware of Mr. Redmond's good points and, womanlike, was rather inclined to love him for his absurd devotion than for some of his more admirable qualities—that is, so long as he was hers. When Redmond came for his answer she told him that she had earnestly considered his proposition. She regretted that she could not be first in his esteem, but his devotion to his first love showed that he was of a constant nature. Was it not better to occupy a second place with such a man than first place with one who would be constantly shifting? At any rate, she had been her conclusion, and she had decided to accept him. Possibly under the pleasing influence of an engagement Steven might have admitted that there was hope for a patching of his broken heart; but, considering all that had passed between him and Margaret, there was nothing to be said. He had been commended for his constancy; it would not do for him to become at once inconstant. So on the face of it the two began life together under the supposition that the husband loved another woman, and his wife accepted the position of a friend and companion. Mrs. Redmond, having secured a secondary position with the man she wanted for a husband, began to consider how she might drive out the party of the first part and occupy first place. Perhaps she acted on the principle of the bride who as soon as married proceeds to break up her husband's connections with the members of his family and his intimate friends that she may have no rivals. Another illustration is the usurper who decapitates the princes of the blood who may stand in his way. At any rate, Margaret did not propose that any corner of her husband's heart should be long occupied by any one but herself. What did she do? What many women would consider walking right into the den of the lioness. "Dear," she said to her husband one day, "I see no reason why you should not derive comfort from Lulu Beckwith. Had I married a widower I would not have been jealous of his first wife, and I have no jealousy of one who has preceded me in your affections. So long as she occupies first place there's no reason why she should not come here occasionally to help me be a comfort to you. I've decided to invite her to make us a visit." Now, Redmond was enjoying the comforts of a home, had got used to working in double harness and was devoted to his profession. But we are all contrary at times, and instead of replying as he felt, "Oh, let that alone—I'm all over it," he said, "Don't you think, dear, it would be unwise to throw temptation in my way?" Mrs. Redmond did not see anything

unwise in it at all. The status was the same as it had been. Miss Beckwith's parents were still looking for a husband for her of sufficient eminence to match her perfections, and there was no reason why she should not enjoy Steven's society occasionally and be hers. There was something so decided in the wife's manner as well as her words that the husband made no other reply than a scowl. To tell the truth, he thought his wife was trying to discover whether or no he had recovered from his affair with the lady in question. What was his astonishment when a few days later Margaret showed him a note from Miss Beckwith accepting an invitation for a visit. But what was there to do? Only to let her come. The guest arrived just before dinner. It was six years since Steven Redmond had seen her. She was then eighteen. She was now twenty-four. There was no great change in her appearance. She was still a beauty, though she was very thin. While what there was bloomed like a pale pink rose, there was not much of it to bloom. Somehow its delicacy was not as effective with Redmond as it had been. There was evidence in it of an early decay. No intellectual change appeared in the lady, but there had been no intellectual development. A certain childlike quality that had been delicious six years ago was now insipid. Mrs. Redmond watched her husband out of the corner of her eye as he surveyed his old love and saw at once that the tinge he had set up in his heart had tumbled off its pedestal and been broken in pieces. From the moment she knew the place her rival had occupied was vacant and she had but to step inside she became especially genial. There is a status occupied by each person that cannot be assumed or got rid of. Mrs. Redmond was herself, and Miss Beckwith was herself, and there was a wide gap between their personalities. Redmond winced under the shallow remarks of the girl whom, when he proposed to his wife, he had said was his first and would be his only true love. When the coffee was brought on he said, "You and Lulu go into the library and make yourselves comfortable. I'm going to smoke here." "You don't mind smoke, do you, Miss Beckwith?" asked Mrs. Redmond. "I don't." Miss Beckwith said she didn't mind it at all. Since Mr. Redmond would not be permitted to smoke alone he went with them to the library.



THE BEADS WERE CAREFULLY SCRAPPED WITH A KNIFE.

### PRECIOUS MOMENTS.

Bacon's fame is mainly due to books written in his spare hours while he was England's chancellor. Humboldt's days were so occupied with his business that he had to pursue his scientific labors in the night or early morning. Burns wrote his most beautiful poems in his spare moments while working on a farm. Grote wrote his "History of Greece" during the odds and ends of time snatched from his duty as a banker. "Moments are the golden sands of time" if rightly used.

### TEREW HER ARMS ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S NECK.

The man who could never love but one woman held out for three days, showing by his actions that his "love" had become a bore to him, but he was unwilling to go back on himself and confess that he had talked like a fool. Three days of boredom were enough to bring out the white flag, and he capitulated without a single condition. Indeed, he didn't care to do so. At the end of the third day he said to his wife: "For heaven's sake, send her away!" Mrs. Redmond threw her arms about her husband's neck and said: "You needn't explain. I've seen it all from the first moment you met her here. Your constancy does you credit, and had it been based on something more solid would have abided with you." "It is based on a rock, and there's not the slightest danger of its sliding off its foundation," he replied, with a kiss. An excuse was made to end Miss Beckwith's visit, and she departed the next day.



TEREW HER ARMS ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S NECK.



Edwards & Merritt's Musical Comedy Co., at the Royal Theater Two Nights Only-- Wednesday and Thursday, April 9 and 10

### FOUR THINGS.

Four things a man must learn to do if he would make his record true— To think without confusion clearly, To love his fellow men sincerely, To act from honest motives purely, To trust in God and heaven securely.

—Henry van Dyke.

### Domestic Discipline.

"Can't we get Johnny to take his medicine?" asked the father. "I think we can," replied the mother, "if we drop it into the preserves and then pretend we have forgotten to lock them up."—Washington Star.